




ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?



OKAY, I'LL GO
NICE AND SLOW THIS TIME.
YOU BANGED MY MOTHER,
SHE GOT PREGNANT, AND





CYBER
FORCE



BUT I WANTED TO
LOOK *PRETTY* FOR
YOU ON SUCH A
LOVELY MORNING.

FRANCESCA, THERE'S
NOT A MOMENT IN THE DAY
WHEN YOU ARE ANYTHING
LESS THAN ABSOLUTELY
BREATHTAKING...

AND I DREAM OF THE
DAY WHEN I CAN WAKE UP
EVERY MORNING TO THAT
BEAUTIFUL FACE OF
YOURS...SPEAKING OF
WHICH...



I'D SAY
YES, MA'AM, AS
IT APPEARS THAT
STRYKER IS
HER "NATURAL
FATHER."






SORRY TO KEEP YOU
WAITING, MY LOVE,
BUT I WANTED TO

A close-up of a character wearing a green cloak, with only their face and shoulders visible. They have a determined expression.

NO, YOU'RE
NOT LEAVING
US... YOU'RE NOT
LEAVING ME...

A close-up of a character's face, partially obscured by a large, ornate, golden mask. The mask has intricate designs and a large, curved horn-like structure. The character's eyes are visible through the mask's eye holes, and they have a serious expression.

I'M NOT LETTING
YOU WALK AWAY FROM
ME AGAIN...

...DAD.



POKÉ

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MANY YEARS AGO.

...I CAN SEE
THE HOPELESSLY
SMITTEN WOMEN
IN YOUR LIFE.



THERE
WILL ALWAYS
BE ONLY
YOU.

TSK, NOW I FEEL
BAD FOR ALL THE
LESS FORTUNATE
GIRLS IN THE
WORLD.





YOU HEARD
ME. I SAID YOU'RE
NOT *LEAVING* ME
AGAIN. AND THEN,
AFTER A DRAMATIC
PAUSE, I SAID
"DAD."

WHAT I
MEANT WAS,
WHAT THE HELL



OH, HUSH. YOU
SAY THAT TO ALL

TODAY.

...WHAT?



A comic book panel depicting a scene of destruction. In the foreground, a character with dark skin and long black hair, wearing a dark hooded cloak, looks down with a somber expression. In the background, another character with purple skin and a large, bulbous nose is visible. The ground is covered in rubble and debris, suggesting a recent battle or disaster. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the foreground character and another from the background character.

...MANY PEOPLE
HAVE DIED IN THE
PAST FEW DAYS AND
IT HAS SOMETHING
TO DO WITH
YOU...

I WOULD LIKE
TO THINK THAT
THEY DIED FOR
A REASON.

I'M SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS
ROBERT, BUT THEIR DEATHS
HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH
ME. I SAVED YOUR LIVES;
NOW TAKE THE GIRL



...BUT WE
REALLY DO
NEED YOUR
HELP.



...DAMMIT.



I DON'T CARE
WHOSE DICK MADE
THAT LITTLE BRAT,
BUT IF YOU THINK
NONE OF THIS WAS
YOUR FAULT THEN
YOU AND ME... WELL,
WE GOT A
PROBLEM.



NO OFFENSE,
MARK, BUT RIGHT
NOW YOU DON'T
LOOK LIKE YOU'D
BE MUCH OF A
PROBLEM
FOR ME.

BY ASKING THE
IMPOSSIBLE.

I...I'M
SORRY--

GOOD.
NOW TAKE ME
BACK TO BED
AND APOLOGIZE
TO ME
PROPERLY.







I'M SERIOUS,
FRANCESCA.

I WANT A NEW LIFE.
I WANT A FAMILY
WITH A HOUSE FULL
OF KIDS...*OUR*
KIDS.

I'VE ALREADY TOLD
THE AGENCY THAT I'M
DONE. *BEIJING* IS
GOING TO BE MY
LAST JOB.

DARLING...





THAT'S AFFIRMATIVE.
STRYKER HAD "BLINDERS"
THAT SOMEHOW
NEUTRALIZED ALL OF MY
INTERNAL FILTERS. BUT I
KNOW WHAT TO LOOK
FOR.



APHRODITE LISTEN,
THIS IS IMPORTANT.
IS MY SISTER *SAFE*
WITH THEM?

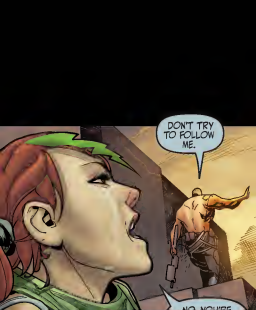
HERE WE ARE.

THERE'S THE
LONGER VERSION WHERE YOU
LEAVE, BECOME A TERRORIST,
TRY TO KILL MY FAMILY, AND
GENERALLY EXCEL AT BEING
AN ASSHOLE, BUT WE'RE
IN A HURRY.

LOOK, I DON'T
KNOW WHAT YOUR
GAME IS OR WHAT
YOU WANT FROM
ME BUT THERE'S
NOTHING HERE
FOR YOU...

...OR YOUR





DON'T TRY
TO FOLLOW
ME.

NO, NO, NO, NO






...I DON'T
NEED ANY MORE
BULLSHIT
TODAY.

APHRODITE?
APHRODITE, DO
YOU COPY?
COME IN.

YES, I
COPY.



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A close-up of a hand wearing a black and white gauntlet, reaching down to pick up a small, green and white object from the ground. The background is a dark, rocky surface.

WHAT THE HELL
IS GOING ON?
YOU SAID YOU
FOUND MY SISTER,
AND THEN
NOTHING.

SHE WAS WITH
RIPCLAW AND
ARES. LIKE WE
FIGURED.

AND?




AND I'LL
NEED MORE
MEN.

WHAT
HAPPENED?

STRYKER.
HE LEFT WITH
THEM.

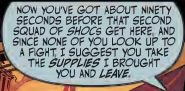
JESUS,
SO HE IS
ALIVE. CAN
YOU TRACK
THEM?



COME ON THEN.
THOSE BLINDERS HAVE
A TWO HUNDRED METER
RANGE BUT THEY
DON'T LAST LONG SO
WE GOTTA MOVE. TRY
TO KEEP UP...



FRIENDS.



NOW YOU'VE GOT ABOUT NINETY SECONDS BEFORE THAT SECOND SQUAD OF SHOCs GET HERE, AND SINCE NONE OF YOU LOOK UP TO A FIGHT, I SUGGEST YOU TAKE THE *SUPPLIES* I BROUGHT YOU AND LEAVE.



STRYKER...





SHHH. WE'VE
BEEN OVER
THIS MANY TIMES.
YOU KNOW
I CAN'T LEAVE
MY HUSBAND,
MY WORK.



BUT I LOVE
YOU.

YOU SAY
THAT BUT IF
YOU DID, YOU
WOULDN'T HURT ME
BY LEAVING ME.

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